Ashtabula Telegraph

JAMES REED & SON, Prop'r.

ASHTABULA, O.

THE POET AND HIS SONGS.

As the birds come in the spring,
We know not from where;
As the stars come at evening
From depths of the air;

As the rain comes from the cloud,
And the brook from the ground;
As suddenly, low or loud,
Out of silence a sound;

As the grape comes to the vine,
The fruit to the tree;
As the wind comes to the pine,
And the tide to the sea;

As come the white sails of ships
O'er the ocean's verge;
As comes the smile to the lips,
The foam to the surge;

So come to the poet his songs,
All hitherward blown
From the misty land that belongs
To the vast Unknown.

His, and not his, are the lays
He sings;—and their fame
Is his, and not his;—and the praise
And the pride of a name.

For voices pursue him by day,
And haunt him by night,
And he listens, and needs must obey,
When the Angel says: "Write"
—*Henry W. Longfellow, in Atlantic Monthly.*

HER WEDDING DRESS.

"STITCH, stitch, stitch, band and gusset and seam!—But what in the world shall I do for a wedding-dress?" cried Laura, suddenly, looking up from her sewing with a face of amused trouble at the other two.

Aunt Desire raised her eyes from her needle. "Be thankful enough for your weddin', child," she said, solemnly. "I've known girls as"—but here a glance of appeal from two soft eyes opposite sent her back to her tucks with her sentence unfinished.

"Thankful for my wedding, indeed!" saucily returned unobservant Laura. "Not I! I leave the thankfulness to Arthur altogether, Aunt Desire."

"The lightheadedness of young girls nowadays is amazin'," sighed Aunt Desire. "'Twan't so in my time. Well, well, Laury, maybe when you're settled and got a young fam'ly 'round you——"

Laura made up her ruffling into a ball, and, throwing it at Aunt Desire, beat a precipitate retreat. Margaret followed her out.

"Come to my room, dear," she said. "I want to show you something."

Upstairs in her chamber Margaret led the way to a tall old cabinet-bureau, and taking out a key from her bosom, unlocked the deep drawer. On her knees there, her lips moving, she looked, Laura thought, almost as if she were praying.

Out of the cavernous recesses of this lower drawer she took a flat, square package, wrapped in folds of yellowish paper. From this dull envelope, like a butterfly from its chrysalis, came a flutter of white that made a kind of moonlight glimmer in the warm daylight of the window, as the folds of shining, undulating silk slipped over her arm. Laura gave a little scream of admiration.

"I never saw any thing so perfectly lovely, never! Why, Cynthia Wilson's was a cotton rag to it. You never got that here?"—she checked herself, and looked doubtfully at Margaret, whose fingers were stroking it softly, with something of that reverent tenderness with which one touches a garment of the dear dead.

"No," she answered, absently, "it came from far, far away." She looked up, and met her sister's eyes, when the past yielded to the present. "You know, Laura," she said, quietly, "I was to have been married once, at just about your age, too. He was a sailor, he was drowned."

Laura clasped her hands on her sister's shoulder, and the tears came into her eyes. She wondered at Margaret's calmness. To the quick girlish heart on the eve of a marriage-day, this trouble seemed utterly impossible to be lived through.

"The last time he came home," continued Margaret, after awhile, "he brought me this. I shall never need it now, you know," she half smiled, "and you do—"

"What!" interrupted Laura, "*I* rob you of the last thing he ever gave you, your own wedding-dress, too! Why, I would rather stand up to be married in white cotton at ninepence a yard," she ended, after her own fashion finishing with a smile what she had begun with a sigh.

"You need not feel like that about it, dear," said Margaret, fondly. "It is what I have meant all along, so it will give me no pain to see you wear it. I only wish you may be as happy in it as I once hoped to be."

"I wish I might be half as good!" cried Laura, the tears in her impulsive eyes again. But they were not from a very deep spring. Before long this new-old treasure, so opportunely sent, as it seemed, from over the seas to her, had become more a part of her own life-story than of her sister's, who, she thought, could not now care so very much, of course, or she would not have parted with it. Nor were Aunt Desire's answers by-and-by calculated to set her right, for the romance in Aunt Desire's nature was hidden under a most unromantic semblance, and she could not have talked sentiment to save her life. So it was in the most matter-of-fact way that she related the story, of which Laura's thoughtless girlhood had only the vaguest outlines, of the life of patient toil that went down suddenly without a parting word to love and hope, half a dozen years before.

"Oh, poor Margaret!" cried Laura, "and just before her wedding-day, too! What did she do?"

"Do!" sniffed Aunt Desire, "why, just that, kept doin', right along. She's found work enough to her hand, as folks mostly do if they'll only take notice. Why, where'd you her ben yourself, child, ef it hadn't ben for her bringin'-up? a peeked little cretur I never thought to be makin' her weddin'-things for! And now you're your sister right over again—on the outside, at any rate."

"Now, if you're going to be impolite, Aunt Desire," cried Laura, rising with a flushed face at the sound of a footstep outside, "I shall go and complain to Arthur."

"And of course he'll take your part, right or wrong—now," said Aunt Desire, expressing, in one comprehensive sniff, some scorn and considerable sympathy. So she went on with her telling, while the lovers walked up and down outside, till it grew too dark even for plain seams, and Margaret came down to call Laura from the fragrant dusk of the porch, where the night air was getting heavy and damp.

Margaret and Laura Brooks were orphans in straitened circumstances. They had not always been poor, for their father had been a well-to-do farmer, whose crops and cattle had brought him in a good income. But a series of misfortunes culminated in his death, when it was found that mismanagement and a loose business method had so involved the comfortable property, that so far from there being any thing laid by for a rainy day, the most of the estate had to be sold to satisfy the creditors. Margaret was thus left with the house and a little piece of land wherewith to support herself and the young sister left in her charge. Nobody but Margaret ever could have managed it, said Aunt Desire—Aunt Desire, who knew all about the little household and its ways and means, and who had, in fact, been prime minister of that sovereign whom she delighted to honor, for near half a score of years. For it was when Margaret was left a motherless girl of fourteen that Desire Mallory had entered the Brooks family, to supplement with her experience the cares and pains of its slender young housekeeper. From that time she had remained through all the years and vicissitudes that followed, more loved and trusted constantly, till she had become rather the companion than the servant, in fact just "Aunt Desire," as she was always called. When Farmer Brooks died, Aunt Desire absolutely refused to go with the other "help," so that Margaret was forced, whether or not, to form a partnership for carrying on the little place, in which Aunt Desire was the Co. And a very efficient partner she proved, as a thoroughly capable Yankee woman, who understood almost every sort of work, from the labors of the garden and dairy to the cares of the house and the mysteries of the needle. So that between them they evolved a considerable degree of comfort from very small materials, and the four or five years succeeding the death of Mr. Brooks were happy ones in spite of bereavement and struggle.

At nineteen came the great trial of Margaret's young womanhood. Her sailor lover, as brave and honest a fellow as ever sailed blue water, went down on his last voyage, ship and crew and Captain lost, and never heard of more. Nothing was left to tell the tale but some wave-beaten fragments picked up by another vessel on a far-away tropic shore, and recognized as belonging to the unfortunate Petrel. It was then, above all, when the tidings reached the little New England town where the promised wife of the wrecked sailor sat happy over her work, waiting for the ship that never would come back, that Aunt Desire proved her right to the title of friend accorded her. No one but Margaret ever would know what depths of sympathy and thoughtful tenderness lay hidden beneath that commonplace seeming, as none but Aunt Desire would ever know in what bitter need of such ministrations Margaret stood. Reserved and quiet, she went through her conscientious round of daily duties, betraying to the ordinary eye but little of the suffering which tortured her life, until months of patient struggle had lived it down. She put self aside, and taking another affection into the vacant place in her heart, devoted herself entirely to her little sister. The child was delicate and capricious, and needed a guidance no less strong than loving. Such she had found in Margaret, under whose almost maternal care she had thriven, until now at eighteen she was, as her Aunt Desire had said, the very picture of her sister at the same age. But Laura's girlhood was to have a happier fate than Margaret's, for she was soon to be married to one whom she loved, a man in every respect an excellent match for her. To prepare suitably for this marriage, which in a worldly point was above what Laura's prospects would warrant, Margaret with a natural feeling was straining her small resources to their utmost. And now, as a crowning sacrifice, she had given the girl her own wedding-dress, the robe that was to have been the sign of such happiness and hopes fulfilled, that had been, instead, the token of so many pains and disappointments and sorrows bravely borne. And Laura took it with a tear that ended in a smile, not realizing, in her yet untroubled heart, all the strong pathos of the story that lay wrapped in those shining folds.

The next day after the gift witnessed the cutting off the breaths of the wedding-dress so opportunely come to light. Aunt Desire fairly groaned as the scissors ran through the silken folds, whether for sad associations or because of the sin of cutting up such costly material was not plain. Laura's eyes sparkled, as one by one the rich lengths rustled down on the sheet spread out for the purpose. Naturally it was a great occasion to her. She would scarcely let any one else touch the dress, and vowed that she would set every stitch in it with her own hand, which she was able to do, since, thanks to her sister's careful teaching, she was an adept in the intricacies of needlework.

"Now go away, Aunt Desire," she said with laughing impatience, when the last breadth had fallen on the white glittering heap, "take yourself off, please, and leave all this finery to me. The idea that any body can't manage her own wedding-dress! Why, it comes by nature."

"That's the way girl's think a'most always," answered Aunt Desire, reprovingly. "Any thing they've set their hearts on must come by natur', they make sure, but they don't always get the desire of their hearts. And 'pears to me you're over light-minded, Laury, considerin' all things. When you remember whose weddin'-dress this was to have been, I think you ought to receive it in fear and soberness."

"And I think," rejoined Laura with a pout of vexation, "that you needn't take me up like that, just because I don't wear a long face over my own wedding-dress. Margaret never meant it so, I know, and certainly she's the one to mind, if any body."

"Well, I s'pose you're right, child," said Aunt Desire, with a sigh. "We've got our different ways of viewin' things, and one of us hain't no call to judge another. Only there's a time for all things, as the scriptur' says, and I don't want you to forget other folks's mournin' in your own rejoicin'."

"Well, I don't mean to," answered Laura. "Of course I know as well as you do that it was lovely of Margaret to give me her own wedding-dress. It is just like Margaret. But it isn't like her to want me to spoil her beautiful gift by crying my eyes out over it, so I shall show my gratitude by making it look just as nice as ever I can. So now go away, Aunt Desire, and make that visit to old Mrs. Wilkins you've been talking about all day. Margaret has the jelly ready, I know, for I tasted of it an hour ago on the pantry shelf."

"Well, well, I don't know as I can do any better," assented Aunt Desire, and with a parting caution to Laura concerning the wedding-dress, she went off on her visit of charity to a sick neighbor.

Left alone, Laura began matching the breadths and running them together. But presently a step was heard in the porch, and Arthur Dayton came in. Laura gave a little scream at sight of him, but he advanced nevertheless, full of embarrassing curiosity about "all those miles of white silk." Then he very improperly wasted to hold the scissors and thread the needle, till finally Laura, to get rid of what she called his "impertinent questions," sent him back again with a book to the porch. After which she settled to the work in hand.

It was a warm, languid afternoon, still with a silence made up of those many little summer sounds with which earth and air are instinct, and which seem to blend into the drowsiest stillness of all. The flutter of a bird among the leaves, the buzz of a bee in a blossom, the drone of a locust in the grass, came in an irregular mingled murmur to her ear. Through it all she could hear the rustle of Arthur's book as he turned a leaf, and more distantly, the tinkle of notes from the room where Margaret was running through some melody on the old piano. Laura listened with a sort of under-accompaniment of thought of her own, as the sounds stole in and out—

For thee I pine and sigh, Aileen Aroon.

"How can people live and wait on so, I wonder?—Dear me, how quickly Arthur has read that last page? There, that is a humming-bird in the honeysuckle, h-m-m-m!"——The buzz prolonged itself, and seemed to come from the needle in her hand, which grew into a long, slender bill darting in and out of the silken folds, her head bent lower, the hum crept up into her brain—and Laura was asleep.

Not for the space of forty winks, however, for when she woke with a start *Aileen Aroon* was still on the air, and outside was the rustle of Arthur's book. Arthur? ——But who then was this that held her close, his breath on her cheek, his voice in her ear? Not Arthur, surely, for at the scream Laura gave, Arthur came with one bound in through the porch window. Another step brought him to the intruder, but the latter, a tall, powerful man, caught and held him in a vise-like grasp, though without offering him any injury.

"Come, sheer off, messmate," he said with a frank smile, "when a man comes to see his sweetheart after six years out of a Christian country, you needn't jump at him like a tiger out of a jungle."

"But we will look for your sweetheart presently," answered Arthur, humoring what he supposed the man's crazy fancy. "This is *my* sweetheart, you know."

"*Your* sweetheart!" repeated the intruder, dropping his hold and facing around. "What, my own girl false to me after all these years? Didn't I find her making her wedding-dress, that I brought her home so long ago? Ah, my lass, we little thought, when we kissed good-by, that it was for so long! And did a dream tell you I was coming, after all, Margaret?"

"Margaret!" cried Laura, with a little scream, as he caught her hand again—"Why, Arthur, it is—He says Margaret!"

"What is it, Laura? Did you call me?" said Margaret, opening the door upon her name. "Arthur, is any thing the matter?" she continued, seeing the third figure, and the signs of excitement upon all.

The stranger turned around and faced her fully. She gave one start, then stood, dead-white, but without a word, looking at him. So they staid for what, to the two watching them, seemed a long time motionless and speechless, gazing straight into one another's eyes. Then the newcomer, with one glance around at Laura, said, "I don't know who you are, but this is my Margaret," and, putting his hand on her arm, led her through the door into the next room, leaving Laura and Arthur with the closed door between.

"Oh, Arthur," gasped Laura, "isn't it just like a novel? to come back after all these years!"

"But what is it all about?" asked Arthur, a little impatient of the mystery.

"Oh, don't you know? why, it is Margaret's sailor-lover, that was drowned," answered Laura, simply. Arthur laughed.

"Don't talk nonsense, child," he said, with fond superiority. "Is it a common thing in your experience for drowned men to come back again?"

"No, and that's what makes the wonder of it," replied Laura. Arthur laughed again, and raised his eyebrows.

"I did not know that Margaret had a story," he said presently. "She is so quiet, so—so altogether unsensational, that I never should have thought of romance and her together. She is too nice for the regulation novel heroine," he concluded, with a smile.

"She is the dearest and best girl in the world!" said Laura, warmly. "When she—she was so kind to me, yesterday," she went on with a blush and a falter, "she wished I might be as happy as she had hoped to be, and I told her I wished I might be half as good. And I do, Arthur, and I mean to try," she concluded, clasping her hands on his arm, and looking earnestly up in his face.

"It was not a bad wish, my darling," answered Arthur, stooping and kissing her. "Margaret is one of those women who know how to make homes and keep men in them. I am sure I shall be better all my life for having known her."

This was much for Arthur Dayton to say, for he was not given to warm praise, nor, indeed, to enthusiasm of any kind. But it was true that he had strongly felt the influence of Margaret's character, the firm yet gentle nature, the lovely, self-sacrificing disposition, the sweet and cheerful piety that made the house in which Margaret dwelt the abode of peace and happiness. That Laura might grow in these respects as like her sister as she already was in person had been Arthur's steady hope, for he believed them to be the surest foundation of home in the best sense of the word.

While they stood together thus, the door from the outer passage was opened, and Aunt Desire came in, just returned from the sick neighbor.

"Oh, Aunt Desire," Laura exclaimed, "such a thing has happened—you never would guess? Margaret's sailor has come back!"

"Land alive, child!" cried Aunt Desire, dropping into a chair. "Harry Payson? why, he was drowned six years ago!"

"Yes, I know," assented Laura, "but he has just come back, and—"

"Has the child seen a ghost?" half whispered Aunt Desire to herself.

"A ghost!" laughed Laura. "Why, Arthur saw him as well as I. A pretty substantial ghost! He rushed in here, and declared I was his sweetheart. I got such a fright, I thought he was crazy."

"He took you for your sister," said Aunt Desire, nodding her head. "And there you were sewing on your wedding-dress, the very same he—"

"Hush, do, Aunt Desire!" said Laura quickly, getting very red in the face, as she glanced at Arthur, whose eyes were beginning to open, and his mouth to form into a whistle, as he regarded the white heap on the floor. "Arthur, if you won't behave properly I shall leave the room now I declare," she pouted.

"Well, the ways of Providence are wonderful, and past findin' out, ejaculated Aunt Desire, as she rose from her chair, adding, "but I'm sure I don't know anybody that deserves such a miracle more than Margaret does." She stooped to pick up the white folds still lying on the sheet where they had fallen. "I s'pose I might as well take all this finery upstairs, whose ever it is," she said, and gathering the silk over her arm went out of the room, sighing under her breath, "The ways of Providence are wonderful!"

Arthur burst out laughing. "I never saw any thing like you New-England people," he said. Drowned men might be coming back every day, and you would not forget the washing and baking. I believe the genuine New-Englander takes the marvelous as the rule of life."

Laura, her humor still somewhat discomposed, was about to make some pettish rejoinder, when the door of the inner room opened, and Margaret and her sailor entered. But Margaret's face was as Laura had never yet seen it in all her life, and she just stood and gazed at her without a word.

"This is my little sister Laura, isn't it?" said Margaret's companion, advancing and taking her hand. "I suppose I may kiss you now without frightening you—if this gentleman doesn't object," he concluded with a sailor's half-shy boldness, turning toward Arthur, who smiled permission. "I shouldn't have come in, I know, in such a rude way as I did, but a man that's spent half-a-dozen years slaving among the savages loses his manners," he continued with a laugh. "And when I saw you sitting there so like the girl I left all those years ago, I seemed to forget everything else, somehow." He passed his hand over his eyes, then turned around and smiled a frank smile at Laura.

"I've come just in time to make my wedding-present, it seems," he said with a sparkle of his black eyes, "and I'll give you—with your consent, sir—the finest dress that ever a pretty girl stood up to be married in. But that one you were sewing on when I came in—why, you won't take it wrong, I know, if I say that Margaret, and nobody else, must wear that for a wedding dress. It's waited half-a-dozen years, like her and me, and we three won't part company in the end."

"How lucky that we are near the same height, Margaret!" said Laura, glad of some commonplace remark with which to approach this new, strange Margaret, whom she seemed to behold for the first time to-day.

Margaret smiled, and putting her arm around her, kissed her for answer.

"I don't quite know," said Arthur, holding out his hand to the other with a laugh, "where to begin to congratulate a man who has had hardships and adventures so completely out of my line, but I wish you happiness with all my heart."

"The same to you," was the answer. "And I think it's a pretty safe wish for both of us, considering all things," he added, looking around at the two girls, who stood leaning fondly together.

Meanwhile, up-stairs, Aunt Desire, who did not need that a joy should be personal, to be able to sympathize in it, was putting away the wedding-dress, smoothing down its folds with soft touches, while she murmured reverentially—

"The ways of Providence are mysterious, and past findin' out!"—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

How Locomotive Engineers Lose Their Nerve.

A MAN talks as easily at the rate of sixty miles an hour as he does at an ordinary afternoon dinner pace, and a veteran railroad man who sat with his feet cocked on an adjoining chair, on the Ohio and Mississippi fast train Saturday, let his recollections and gossip flow entertainingly to a *Courier Journal* reporter.

"Ever in a smash-up?" asked the veteran laconically.

"Never!"

"That accounts for your lack of nervousness.' A child never dreads the fire until he is burned, and so it is with every kind of danger. There are two classes of engineers, who are known on the road as 'good runners' and 'bad runners.' A good runner is always sent out with special trains and in other cases where fast time is to be made. He is an engineer who knows the road and his engine, and will gauge the speed by the quality of the track, taking a good many chances on safety. I know one of these fellows, who was regarded as the coolest and bravest man in the business. He would take a lightning special as safely through as another would a freight. One dark night he was hauling the night express around a curve like a meteor. A tree had been blown across the track by a storm, and he ran upon it before it could be seen. The train was smashed and he was badly hurt. He got well in time, and took his place at work, but lost it, and he could not get a passenger train on any road. The accident killed his 'nerve,' and he couldn't take a train through on even schedule time. He was always lagging and behind time. That is the fate of a great many. A bad accident to a fast train nearly always spoils a good engineer."

"They are always in danger," said the reporter.

"Yes; if there's an accident they are almost sure to be killed. They go through life on faith and good luck. One day, several years ago, I went for a day's hunting in the country, and made arrangements for an engine to be sent for me at seven o'clock. It came, and, with three of us aboard, started to make the run of twenty-five miles an hour ahead of the regular train. We got out a mile or two and the headlight flickered and went down. The engine was stopped and the lantern was tinkered with, and we started again. We ran a few miles, and had to stop and tinker with the confounded lamp again. This time it went out clear, and to our horror we discovered that the regular train was within five minutes of us, and there was no side-track near. It was as dark as original chaos, not a star out. The engineer started carefully, worked the throttle out gradually, and, all of us clinging to the cab for dear life, the race began. For all that we could see it was a plunge into space. The engine snorted and rolled, and fairly flew along the track, until the welcome light of the home yards fell upon us. We had run thirteen miles upon pure faith in nine minutes, and the regular train was an hour and forty minutes behind time!"

"That was a close shave on luck?"

"Yes; I don't want to ride under pressure again."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

MRS. MARY JANE ROZELLE, of Oswego, N. Y., died at the age of 105 years and seven months. She was the second wife of Peter Rozelle, whom she married seventy-one years ago, and who died in 1864, aged 110. She has borne him fifteen children.

—Ships are expected to enter the open Polar Sea by the Howgate.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE clerical party in Italy have decided to participate in municipal elections to test their strength in view of future political elections.

THE Czar is the only crowned widower and Victoria the only crowned widow among the potentates. Alfonso and Christine of Spain are the youngest wedded couple; William and Augusta of Germany the eldest.

KING HUMBERT reproaches his courtiers who are profound adepts in all the arts of Italian cunning, for never letting him know the truth, which he only finds out through some poor petitioner bold enough to approach him through the circle of flatterers.

A DUEL with swords has been fought on the Belgian frontier between M. Le Pelletier of the *Mot d'Ordre* newspaper of Paris, and M. Vilar, formerly of the *Gaulois*. The latter was wounded twice—in the forearm and in the shoulder.

THE change of Government obliges the Duchess of Wellington to resign her keys as Mistress of the Robes. Her Grace has held the position for twenty years, with but a short interval, and will now be succeeded by the Duchess of Westminster.

THE remains of two celebrated Portuguese—Vasco De Gama, who discovered the Cape of Good Hope route to India, and Camoens, the poet who celebrated many of the discoverer's achievements—were recently removed from the vault in which they have rested so long to a monastery, and the occasion was made one of great public ceremonial throughout Portugal.

A NATIONAL memorial, the result of sixpenny contributions, has just been erected in Woolwich Cemetery to the memory of those who perished in the wreck of the Princess Alice in September, 1878. It will be remembered that there were about 700 men, women and children on board, and it is supposed that 550 were lost. Of these, 120 were buried near where the monument is erected. More than 25,000 persons contributed to this memorial.

THE Marchioness Tseng, wife of the Chinese Ambassador to England, is a petite, plump, rather pretty person, whose almond eyes have a dreamy expression, and whose dark hair is almost concealed by a jeweled cap. She is a graceful hostess, and a picturesque one, too, as she always wears her national robes, made of exquisitely embroidered silks. The Marquis is a man forty-two years old, and an accomplished scholar, taking a lively interest in art, science and industry.

Elephants Taking a Bath.

THE wallowing of half a dozen elephants in the Frog Pond this morning was the wondrous sight that will long be remembered by the thousands of Bostonians of all ages and conditions who thronged the knolls in the vicinity. The picturesque strangers from India and Africa were not less delighted. They seemed to quaff the Cochituate and sport in its waves with as much gusto as if they were reveling in some remote tributary of the Ganges or the Nile in their native jungles. Seen at a little distance the huge gray backs of the tropical beasts loomed up like Cape Ann rocks at the head of the pond. At first they stood almost motionless, but as the reality of the treat and their liberty came to be fully believed in they grew quite demonstrative, and willing not only to wet their "overalls," but to lie down and roll—all except the venerable leader, who seemed to have something akin to a religious respect, like a fakir of India, for the ancient dirt on his shoulders, and carried it back to his tent unprofaned by the ablution. The younger elephants trumpeted, curved up their trunks, stuck out their tails straight as pokers, as in the pictures of elephant combats, and finally stooped down and buried their immense heads under the water, there remaining so long that people who did not see the tips of their trunks above the surface thought they were drowning. Two of them got to twining their trunks one round the other, so as to bring their flabby lips into a clumsy osculation. For the moment the show business was forgot, and the proboscidians returned to their native sports—and yet not wholly forgot, for one degenerate youngster of the herd went round the plashy margin of the pond holding up the end of his trunk like a contribution box for the apples and peanuts of the small boy who was on hand in his usual force on such occasions. After some enterprising photographer had secured several pictures of the bathing monsters, they demurely followed their trainer and a calico horse from the circus back to their tents, adding, no doubt, the grateful testimony of denizens of two more grand divisions of the globe that Boston Common is the most beautiful spot in the world. Direct descendants of some of the first families of the Garden of Eden, they ought to know.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Fictitious Fly.

IT seems that there is a fly that to the ordinary observer appears a bee. The resemblance is so close that men have been known to wildly flee across the country and beat the air with their hats, to escape one of those insects. But the fly differs from the bee in two respects. First, it can not make a man think a hot poker has been rammed into him; in fact it is perfectly harmless. The second peculiarity is that it has only two wings, instead of four, as has the bee. It is by this peculiarity that scientists distinguish the fly from the bee, and it was the delight of Professor Swine, whenever he saw one of these flies, to announce that he was a bee charmer, and capturing the fly, to hold it and put it in his mouth to show that it wouldn't sting him. He tried this once or twice on young Griff, and then the latter, who didn't believe in the charming power studied the matter up. The next day he invited the Professor to his room, and soon the latter saw one of those flies on the window. The Professor saw that it had only two wings and declared he'd charm the bee, and quickly grabbing it, suddenly clapped it into his mouth before it could bite, had it been a bee. Then the wild yell he gave nearly brought down the plastering. He clawed at his mouth and rolled madly upon the floor and sputtered and made a Gehenna of a noise. The way he rolled and squirmed and kicked was frightful. Finally he got the fly out of his mouth, and then he got up and ran to the water pitcher and drank about half a gallon, and then he tried to swear, but his tongue was so swollen that he couldn't, and the wild look in his eyes really scared Griff. The way the Professor pranced about the room was a caution, and his attempts at profanity were fearful, and finally he rushed from the room and took off across the fields. He didn't come back for two days, and by that time Griff felt sorry that he had pulled two wings off that bee and left it where the Professor would see the insect.—*Boston Post.*

Religious.

THE POOR MAN'S SHEAF.

He saw the wheat-fields waiting
All golden in the sun,
And strong and stalwart reapers
Went by him, one by one.
"Oh, could I reap in harvest!"
His heart made bitter cry;
"I can do nothing! nothing!
So weak, alas! am I."

At eve a faltring traveler
Sank down beside the door;
A cup of crystal water
To quench his thirst he bore.
And when, refreshed and strengthened,
The traveler went his way,
Upon the poor man's threshold
A golden wheat-sheaf lay.

When came the Lord of harvest,
He cried, "Oh! Master kind,
One sheaf I have to offer,
But that I did not bind.
I gave a cup of water
To one athirst, and he
Left at my door, in going,
This sheaf I offer Thee."

Then said the Master, softly,
"Well pleased with this am I:
One of my angels left it
With thee, as he passed by.
Then mayst not join the reapers
Upon the harvest plain,
But he who helps a brother
Binds sheaves of richest grain."
—*Ellen E. Bexford.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

THIRD QUARTER.

July 4—	The Creation	Gen. 1:1-3; 2:4-8
July 11—	The Fall and the Promise	Gen. 3: 1-15
July 18—	Cain and Abel	Gen. 4: 3-15
July 25—	The Covenant with Noah	Gen. 9: 8-19
Aug. 1—	The Call of Abram, 1-10	Gen. 11:31, 32; 12
Aug. 8—	Abram and Lot	Gen. 13: 1-18
Aug. 15—	Abram and Melchisedek	Gen. 14: 12-24
Aug. 22—	The Covenant with Abram	Gen. 15: 1-18
Aug. 29—	Abraham's Intercession	Gen. 18: 16-33
Sept. 5—	Lot's Escape from Sodom	Gen. 19: 12-29
Sept. 12—	Trial of Abraham's Faith	Gen. 22: 1-14
Sept. 19—	Review of the Lessons.	
Sept. 26—	Lesson selected by the School.	

Worshiping the Golden Calf.

I WISH to show the suitability of my subject to this present time. I am sure it is not out of season. "Who is on the Lord's side!" let him come to Christ, and consecrate himself this day to Him. For first, the worship of the golden calf is pretty general now. Men are esteemed according to the amount of money they possess; indeed, we say a man is "worth so much." Though that man may not be worth a pair of old shoes, yet if he has a big house, a fair estate and a huge capital, he is said to be worth so much. Poor little creature! In many cases his worth might be written on his thumb nail. It is not the man that has worth; his house, his lands and his gold have the worth, but not the man. There is far too much bowing down and cringing before the golden calf in all classes of society. No end of dodges are tried to get a scraping of the creature's hoofs. Brother, you must sooner endure poverty than do a wrong thing for the sake of riches; and you must learn to value men for what the are, not for what they have. It needs not Christianity to tell you that some of the worthiest, noblest and most kingly earn their bread by the sweat of their brow; when you meet them love and honor them. On the other hand, you must know that some of the vilest of men have at times climbed to high places of wealth and power. Do not cringe to any man, but least of all bow to a mere money bag. Value men by their characters, and not by their positions. God grant that none of us ever may be found worshiping the golden calf. Yet to get into society the meanest things are done. I do not know what sort of a thing society may be, but I have heard that it is a very wonderful achievement to get into society; to have the privilege of enjoying the empty ceremonies and hollow shams of stupid splendor! To have the privilege of talking to those persons who spend more on their dress than on their religion. From what little I do know of this wonderful thing called society I have felt no ambition to partake in its felicities; and yet to get into this society I have seen men fling away their principles, forsake their friends, stifle their consciences, abandon their church fellowships and become traitors to their God. Forsooth they are successful in business, and hope to rank among the country families, and so they leave those who love them to entertain at lavish cost those who sneer at them. The Lord save those of you who are prosperous from being thus degraded. —*Spurgeon.*

Inward Strength.

MOST people number within the circle of their acquaintance, or have at some time been privileged to know, some person upon whom the woes and sins of this world seem to leave no stain. In sickness or in health, in misfortune or in joy, in temptation or in peacefulness, this person goes on his quiet way, doing good to all who come within his path, spending his quiet but unfailing strength in helpful works, and seemingly undisturbed by a tithe of the trials and temptations which fall into the way of other men and women. When we see such a person—strong and self-contained, and yet of a humble mind, of the truest spiritual nature, and utterly free from canting pride or hollow hypocrisy—we are inclined to say that he has been blessed more than the great majority of men, by the possession of a calm and deep spiritual nature, whose cool recesses are far removed from such petty annoyances and unendurable temptations and trials as follow us. He seems, in fact, *fitted* to do and to endure.

But could we know the real spiritual and moral life of this seemingly exceptional person, we should be sure to find that his nature was like ours, that his battles of soul were fierce and long, and that success came to him only after the bravest struggles and the sincerest prayer. Natural disposition may help a man to be easy-going and indifferent, but it can never help him to be really noble of soul. That strength of character which we recognize and revere, and which some foolishly assign to luck, or circumstance, or inherited disposition, is the mere outward showing of inward victory, that has come by the exertion of human strength, aided by the constantly-besought Divine assistance upon which every strong soul must rely. He who goes through the world more purely and nobly than other men does so because he wills to do so, and asks God to strengthen his constant effort. "How much mud and mire," says Hawthorne, "how many pools of unclean water, how many slippery footsteps, and perchance heavy tumbles, might be avoided if we could tread but six inches above the crust of this world. Physically we cannot do this; our bodies cannot; but it seems to me that our hearts and minds may keep themselves above moral mud-puddles and other discomforts of the soul's pathway." Those whose hearts and minds are above moral mud-puddles do not escape the contamination which befouls the feet of others by reason of any special permission to walk on a different plane, but because they have resolutely determined that it is better to hold themselves beyond and above the filth and the quicksands of life, no matter how constant be the effort and how hard the struggle.

When we note the life of a serene and trustful Christian man or woman, the poorest of all the occupations in which we may engage is to hunt for some merely external excuse for that life, in the line of natural disposition, or of favoring circumstance, or of accidental characteristic. The proper thing for us to do is to search, with all diligence, for the true and inner source of the excellence of such a life—for the hidden spring of its purity and truth, and the ways and means by which it is made strong and beautiful. Of one thing we may be sure, that every life that really deserves the names of manly and Christian has not earned them by any accident or series of accidents, but only by the exercise of all that is best in it, and by unending contests with foes without and within. Whatever safeguards may be thrown around innocence and purity of soul, whatever may be the varying circumstances of different lives, we ought never to forget that sin can steal into the heart immured and guarded as by convent walls; and that, on the other hand, the strength of resolute purpose can defend the spirit which is compelled to pass through blood and fire. Just as we cannot make ourselves great poets by imitating Shakespeare's collar or Dante's hood, so we cannot increase our strength of soul by noting, however carefully, the outward demeanor of this true man, or the forms of speech used by that noble woman. Their example will be worse than useless to us so long as we search for outward and accidental marks of the nobility which makes their lives notable. We can only profit by their excellence when, having discovered that they are just such men and women as we are, we begin to put into our own lives the unquenchable spirit and the undying effort by which theirs have been upbuilt.—*S. S. Times.*

A Hard Way.

"THE way of the transgressor is hard." Blot it out, if you can. Close up that book and you will see the evidence of that fact all around you. There is not a day passes but you can read in the pages of the daily papers, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

You go to the Tombs in New York City, and you will find a little iron bridge running from the police court where the men are tried, right into the cell. I think the New York officials have not been noted for their piety in your time and mine, but they had put up there in iron letters on that bridge, "The way of the transgressor is hard." They know that is true. Blot it out, if you can. God Almighty said it. It is true. "The way of the transgressor is hard." On the other side of that bridge they put these words: "A Bridge of Sighs." I said to one of the officers, "What did they put that up there for?" He said that most of the young men (for most of the criminals are young men—"The wicked don't live out their days"—put that in with it)—he said most of the young men as they passed over that iron bridge went over it weeping. So they called it the Bridge of Sighs. "What made you put that other there: 'The way of the transgressor is hard?'" "Well," he said, "it is hard. I think, if you had anything to do with this prison, you would believe that text, 'The way of the transgressor is hard.'"—*D. L. Moody.*

Gems of Thought.

GOD hears the heart without the words, but he never hears the words without the heart.

MAN is not born to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out what he has to do; and to restrain himself within the limits of his comprehension.—*Goethe.*

IT is interesting to notice how largely the Bible influences the literature of the day. Its phrases are so telling that they pass current everywhere. The most secular of newspapers are liberally sprinkled with them.

THE wealth of Heaven never perishes, never departs, never ceases, never brings with it care or envy or blame, destroys not the body, corrupts not the soul, is without ill-will, heaps not up malice—all which things attend on earthly wealth. That honor lifts not men into folly, doth not make them puffed up, never ceases nor is dimmed. Again, the rest and delight of Heaven endureth continually; ever being immovable and immortal, one cannot find its end or limit. Nothing which comes to an end is much to be desired; whatever ceases, and to-day is and to-morrow is not, though it be very great, yet it seems little and contemptible. Then let us not cling to fleeting things which slip away and depart, but to those which are enduring and immovable.—*S. Chrysostom.*

The Pleasure of Wealth.

THE prosperous always say, with grave shakes of the head, that "money brings little happiness;" yet they seem to enjoy its possession, are proud of it in various ways, according to character, use it freely as a power, and will not surrender it without the very toughest fighting. A complete surrender of wealth, of the difference between subsistence and competence or riches, is, except in a very few cases of religious conviction, the rarest of all forms of self-sacrifice. So different, indeed, is the discousolate talk of the well-to-do from their actual condition that the world suspects them of a little hypocrisy, or of an intention to avert envy by declaring, what is unquestionably false, the equality of all earthly conditions. "Dives is sad with wealth" sighs the man with too little, "but how I wish I had a touch of his complaint!" A few men, indeed, have boldly declared the regrets of wealth to be pretenses, and have asserted, with Macaulay, that every guinea they acquire gives them distinct and appreciable pleasure. He was the most generous of mankind, but he liked money, and avowed his liking, as he would have avowed a liking for pleasant bindings for his books. There was solid truth in Macaulay's idea, particularly as to earned money; but he put his truth, as usual, a good deal too broadly, nothing being ever quite so little complex as he imagined every thing to be. Very few men, indeed, part with wealth voluntarily, because very few have the courage to deprive themselves of any faculty or power they may hereafter want; and very few are without that pride in p which any distinction tends to raise but we believe the constant depreciation of its value in which the well-of, indulge, is not a hypocrisy. They see, or many of them see, failures in the effect of their wealth upon themselves, and even directly bad consequences springing from it, which quite justify their shakes of the head, though they are slow to explain even to themselves why the apples taste so ashy.—*London Spectator.*